TRAGEDY

OF THE

AMERICAN REBELLION.

PERSONAGES.

FATHER CONSTITUTION—Governor of the land.
Dressed after the manner of a king, with a sceptre in his hand.

FREEDOM—Son of Constitution.
Dressed like a Highlander, with a sword hanging by his side.

SLAVERY—One whom Constitution raised.
Dressed like a Roman soldier, with chains around his wrist, and a sword by his side.

UNCLE SAM—The head of a family, and friend of Constitution.
Dressed in the style of '76.

UNION—Daughter of Uncle Sam.
Dressed in skirt striped alternately white and red, with a waist of blue set about with stars.

DOUGLAS, LINCOLN, DAVIS, TOOMBS, a GENTLEMAN, SERVANTS, etc.

PROLOGUE.

A tragical tale
  This eve will unfold;
If we do not fail,
  It soon will be told.
The night shall be dark,
  And clouded the day,
Tossed be the bark,
  And fierce be the spray;
But out of the gloom
  And the tempests might,
A future will loom
  That'll dazzle the bright.
The tale will be love
  With hatred to mar,
And He who's above
  Shall summons up war:
The blood of the slain
  Shall sweeten the soil
Where the landsmen gain'd
  Life's bliss by his toil.
The greatness of strife,
  The splendor of war,
Makes romance seem life
  And mis'ry seem far.
All I'll not tell thee,
  Two lovers do come,
I must hither flee.
  Farewell; I am done.

ACT I.

Scene 1*st.* A place in the mountains, near the Capitol.

(*Enter* SLAVERY *and* UNION.)

SLAVERY—

Here in this secluded spot, dear Union,
We can rove with ease, none fearing the rage
And anger of thy eccentric father,
Who sweetens love, by making us bother.

UNION—

True, dear Slavery.

SLAVERY—

True: why such a true means no true at all;
Such a slow, such a vacant expression,
Means conjecture, means probable, means doubt.
Come, if thought be prisoner, let thought out.

UNION—

Sir, excuse my wandering, I was thinking.

SLAVERY—

Thinking, ah! that's stranger still that one so
Fair, should act the philosopher and think.
Ha! thinking; why love acts without thinking.
Why wink the eye that is always winking?
And pray, what is it that absorbs thy thought?
Perchance it is trouble borrow'd or bought.

UNION—

Pardon me; of Freedom was I thinking.

SLAVERY—

Ah! I see; you have a coquettish mind.
Freedom! a delicacy of thought it
Takes to think of him, the poor lover of
Greasy mechanics, or small-fist'd farmers!
I loathe him, yea, as the vilest reptile,
That poisons the earth with its slimy tail;
If man can hate, in that I do not fail.

UNION—

My sir, your denunciations are strong;
While I love your gay, chivalrous spirit,

I too admire that steadfast counterpart
In Freedom, that sure and regular walk.
Bear with me; Freedom is the son of the
Governor; as such, he deems his duty
Is industry to encourage. And this
It was that prompted him to lay a tariff
On foreign goods, and drive your black men south.
Be slow to speak what quivers on thy mouth.

SLAVERY—

I cannot think that logic is thy own,
It runs so like thy father's mode of speech.
Come! canst thou admire one who has the means
To be a gentleman, Governor's son,
And yet doth stoop to the toil of the slave?
If one be a gentleman, let him act
The gentleman, and if slave, act the slave;
To be both at once is to be neither,
And despicably worse than either.

UNION—

Think not I speak for Freedom for any
Love I bear him. No! it is that I may
Place his character aright before thee,
And then, peradventure, your wrath will be
Less intense. True, Freedom's means are ample,
Though he toil, he toils but for example.

SLAVERY—

Example! what example need the poor
To toil; necessity will teach them toil.
My slaves dig my fields without example,
And should they to dig refuse, I with the
Whip would make examples of them; the gag,
The lash, the stock—these are my incentives
To toil: to educate would teach them strife;
Their very ignorance doth bless my life.

UNION—

Hold! Dear sir, what is it that treads so light,
And that seems to mar this secluded height?
mear

SLAVERY—

'Tis the villain Freedom; you must begone,
Lest in his walk he wander near, and spy
Our courting place. I'll watch that no harm comes
To thee till thou enter the castle walls.
But ere you go, the token claim'd is this,
That from your lips you grant one parting kiss.

(*Enter* FREEDOM.)

SLAVERY—

Hold: youth, were you at your mean employment,
Making wooden nutmegs or greasing the wheels
Of your sire's broken-down Government,
On my retire you'd not be breaking in;
But as it is, you're pardon'd for your sin.

FREEDOM—

I ask no pardon. This great land is mine;
I'll roam it at my will. I give you place
Not for any love I bear thee, but for
My father Constitution's sake. It seems
That he, for some reason to himself best
Known, hath allow'd the land to be curs'd by
Thorns, reptiles, and vagabonds, such as you.
Of your retire you spake, not yours alone,
For with this glass I spied from yonder height
Thy foul conspiracy with fair Union.
Sum of all ingratitude, reared in my
Father's house, and under great instructors,
You learn'd the art to fascinate and win;
And now you turn these great advantages
To the ruin of father and his friends.
I bid thee go and to him make amends.

SLAVERY—

Conspiracy! If to work for one's self
Be conspiracy; if to court a maid
'Gainst a father's wish be conspiracy,
Then I am a conspirator. But what
Concerns it you, impertinent villain:
Thy green youth yet must learn one thing or two,
I've shackled many, and I'll shackle you.

FREEDOM—

Bring on your chains, but with them bring your sword.
The negro you may bind; but all your horde
The white man ne'er can bind or chain, for he
Hath that great daring soul that will be free.

SLAVERY—

Cross then your sword, and let the fight begin;
My motto is, that might doth ever win.

FREEDOM—

Your trusty charm is in great leaders' might;
The charm I use, is valor, skill and right.

(*They fight.*)

SLAVERY—

Now yield thee.

(FREEDOM *is thrown on his knees, his sword broke in the middle.*)

FREEDOM—

Not while a piece of blade doth last.

(*Knocks the sword of* SLAVERY *out of his hand.*)

SLAVERY—

This trusty sheath good service oft hath done.

(*Fights with his sheath.*)

CONSTITUTION—

Hold, sons! What means this fray?

(*Beats down their weapons.*)

Ill-temper'd boys,
I taught thee peace. Is this the fruit of such
A teaching? Say, why art thou so untrue,
And to this sad quarrel give me a clue.

FREEDOM—

Father, long years ago you told me, this
Fair land was mine. It was on that never-
To-be-forgotten day, the surrender
Of Cornwallis. 'Twas a glorious day
For you, and in your pride you said, Freedom,
This land I give you. The thought I cherish'd,
Though I left unenforced the rigid right.
To-day, as I was wandering o'er the land
To note its interest, I spied from
Yon height Slavery and Union holding

An unforbidden interview. I neared
The place, found Union gone, Slavery here,
Who met me with an insulting taunt as
To your broken-down government, and his
Retire, the whole of which I in like terms
Resented. Then he proffered that might
To shackle me, which brought about the fight.

CONSTITUTION—

Slavery, to this what sayest thou?

SLAVERY—

In main 't is true. I did not deem that I
A trespass did commit in roaming here.
Did'st thou nurture me to manhood, but to
Turn me out with not where to dwell? Hast thou
Granted all thy rich estate to Freedom,
And must I seek another shore and clime,
And leave this land, a part I dream'd was mine?

CONSTITUTION—

No. I a compromise here will make, that
Shall in all time to come govern you and
Freedom. Since Yorktown's bloody day I have
Acquired vast accessions to my land;
In fact, my estate will more than triple
Its first size. Between thee, I'll thus divide:
O'er the South and sunny-side, Slavery shall
Reign. Mason and Dixon's line shall be thy
Northern bound. But stretching far east, west and
North, shall lie the broad domain of Freedom.
Take now each other's hand and end the strife,
As to whom Lady Union shall be wife,
This by the way of parenthesis I say,
The boldest, of a right, shall win the day.

ACT II.

Scene 1st. A Place in CONSTITUTION'S house.

(*Enter* DOUGLAS.)

CONSTITUTION—

Mister Douglas: hearing thy great worth, I
Sent for thee, to counsel as to my son
Freedom, who of late has appeared to be
Quite out of sort with every one around.
Some dire disease on him a place hath found.

DOUGLAS—

This I knew long years ago, but silence
Kept, lest some should think that I to your son
Did prophesy an ill. It worse hath grown
Since the great day of that thy compromise.
Besides, the young man loves, and that deeply,
And being of a bashful nature, plain,
True and independent, he had a sore
And difficult time to hold his own 'gainst
His opulent, fastidious rival,
Slavery, ere that fatal compromise,
Which yields to the latter great advantage.
Then tear down the compromise, I propose,
For from it streams of vilest evil flows.

CONSTITUTION—

Dear friend, thy remedy foreshadows strife.

DOUGLAS—

True, my sire, the remedy is for life.

CONSTITUTION—

Then go, thy great experiment to try,
While I do counsel other friends that're nigh

(CONSTITUTION *calls boy.*) (*Exit* DOUGLAS.)

Go, boy, and bring me Lincoln of the West,
For in him I great confidence do rest.

PAGE—

Abraham Lincoln, whose art never fails,
Can cure and relieve thy son's many ails.

(*Exit* PAGE.)

CONSTITUTION—

Hail, great Lincoln! thy fame as a doctor
Is borne on ev'ry breeze and wind that blows;
From every place thy praise to me redounds.
First, a strange malady has seized my son,
The curing of which must soon be done.

LINCOLN—

Often that malady I have noted,
As oft have warn'd him of its dire effect,
But some say it is love, and love he may;
That a young man should love doth not seem
strange;
But to love so deeply, so fervently,
Is passing strange. But I do hold that it
Is not love that wears his system down;
'Tis business, confusing, distracting,
Business about a little land that
Lies far to the west, which is stubbornly
Claimed by both your son and Slavery.
The remedy I'd offer, would be this:
That they do run an equal chance in our
Great lottery, the Senate, ~~when~~ each shall where
Draw his fate, and thus happily agree
To whom this land belongs or that shall be.

CONSTITUTION—

The wisdom of thy counsel I approve;
And I'll make thee President of the land,
That thou mayest further thy goodly plan.

Scene 2nd. A mountainous place near the Capitol.

(*Enter* UNION.)

SLAVERY—

I've watched thy approach as the mariner
Doth the glorious rising of the sun.
Oh say, what detained you, dearest Union?

UNION—

A foul, a fearful conspiracy doth
Threaten the capitol on every side,
And treason stalks abroad with haughty pride.

SLAVERY—

I am master of that conspiracy.
That negro-loving President shall o'er
Me never reign. Rebellion standard I
Have raised. No longer second will I be;
But first among the chieftains of the earth.
But I from these parts must begone. As you
Bear love to me, you too must with me go.
Shake not thy head and say it shan't be so.

UNION—

Oh! ruthless, heartless villain, art thou bent,
To force me from my home without consent?

SLAVERY—

Consent or not, a point we'll agree when
We find a safer place and time to spend.

(*Enter* TOOMBS *and* DAVIS.)

Here Toombs and Davis, seize this girl, and bear
Her to my horse. Then drive down for the South,
For our dread names are blown from every mouth.

(*Exit.*)

UNION—

Rescue! Rescue! Rescue!

Scene 3rd. A place in Uncle Sam's house.

(*Enter* CONSTITUTION.)

CONSTITUTION—

What now, Uncle Sam? you seem to be in
Great distress. Why your hands do you thus wring?
There must have hap'd some dire and dreadful thing.

UNCLE SAM—

Father Constitution, you rightly guess;
A sore calamity hath befallen
Me. My daughter Union has been carried
Off by that reckless villain, Slavery.
Southward he bore her, and all along the
Road was heard her low and mournful cry, for
Rescue. And rescue she shall have. These old

Bones, by such an act, youthful seem again.
From the woods of Maine, from the snow-clad mounts
Of the distant West, from the bosom of
Mississippi's fertile vale, my children,
To the rescue come. This flag, though faded
By the storm, shall lead them on to victory!
That dastard youth shall feel my Northern might,
And my good sword shall drink his blood in fight.

(*Booming of cannon.*)

CONSTITUTION—

What sound is that which grates upon my ear?

PAGE—

Great Sire, Sumter has fallen, and the flag
Has been torn from its place by ruthless hands.
But of the tale one cheering part appears:
Anderson and band in boat northward steers.

UNCLE SAM—

My children are coming from town and field,
I knew that they'd answer the cannon's peal,
They're coming with hearts already to dare
Mandates of treason wherever they are.

(Behind the curtain is played "The gal I left behind me," quickly followed by the roaring of cannon, and the cry—"Charge!"

PAGE—

From Bull Run's bloody field I hail. Defeat,
Bloody defeat, is ours. Slavery presses
Us on ev'ry side. One more disaster
Such as this, and Slavery will prove master.

2ND PAGE—

In the West, repulse on ev'ry hand
I there did meet. Lexington, Springfield, and
Belmont, are but a part of that sad train,
Which to thy cause will prove but little gain.

CONSTITUTION—

Be calm awhile, these are but petty rends,
That I allow to test my foreign friends;

The British Lion growls across the way,
The little Frenchman now has much to say;
But when I thunder forth my giant power,
These little petty puppets then will cower;
Be mindful, too, of that old lay—
"The darkest hour is just before the day."

(*Enter* FREEDOM.)

FREEDOM—

Father! I, in this great strife, have been but
Meagerly engaged. One thing is needful
To secure success: Donelson, Corinth,
It's true, are hopeful. The programme must be
Changed. The slave must fatten Slavery no
Longer. Bid thy President issue a
Proclamation, which will from bondage
Every slave emancipate; and then
Will Slavery die from sheer starvation,
And the world will gaze with admiration
Upon our cause, and in it place their trust,
Their hope, their all, because that we are just.

CONSTITUTION—

To thy wise counsel, I, in hope, will heed,
And o'er the land a proclamation speed.

ACT III.

Scene 1st. In the court of a prison in the South.

SLAVERY—

That cursed proclamation hath done much
Harm! My slaves they strut around and claim that
They are free. My foreign friends have proved to
Be my foes, and every plan of mine
Is turned to naught: each wind blows contrary;
Gettysburg, Vicksburg, and Chickamauga
Weigh down my people; the land is naught but
Desolation and death. Enthusiasm,
Wild, mad, and fierce, hath seized the Northern heart.

A million bloodhounds more have sprung to arms.
Yet will I fight unto the bitter end,
And to vile Freedom never, never bend.

PAGE—

Hail, Master! This fair damsel she besought
And prayed that to thy presence she be brought.

(*Exit* Page.)

SLAVERY—

Ah! thou hast come to terms at last. I knew
That shackles would give thee power to do.

UNION—

Not so, great chief; my release I came to
Demand. For, lo, these many years thou hast
Kept me from my father's home; I ask to
Go. By keeping me thou wilt surely lend
Extermination to thyself and men.

SLAVERY—

No, Lady Union, thou ne'er again shall
See thy father's home; at least, the same—pure,
Fair and true—that thou didst leave it. I'll teach
That modesty in irons hath no breach.

(*Makes towards her.*)

UNION—

Thou fiend! thou villain! I command thee, hold!
I deemed that thou possessed a manly soul,
A heart, a breast that beat with pride and love,
The weak protect. Oh, Thou who reigns above!

SLAVERY—

Ha! love is trash the human heart admires,
But that which answers to its base desires.
For—terror! what is that?

(*Booming of cannon.*)

PAGE—

Master! Freedom the outer works hath gained,
While on our force they leaden hail do rain;
Compact their men, while ours are all astray,
Thou now must yield, or meet thy funeral day.

SLAVERY—

Yield! Yield! Not till the world is fired, and the
Universe wrecked. Yield! Never, till death
Shall on mankind breathe his poisonous breath.

(*Freedom rushes in.*)

FREEDOM—

Thou serpent! Thou meanest of the mean. I
Have tracked thee here. Fair Union thou
Didst drag and force away without her will,
For which foul heinous crime I thee will kill.

SLAVERY—

This sword before has broken thine in twain,
What once it did that it can do again.

FREEDOM—

Rest there your faith, 'twas in my early youth,
But age mature shall now reverse the truth.

(*Fights* SLAVERY *and kills him.*)

With Slavery's death, I'll to her home restore
Fair Union—the idol that I adore.

(UNION *rushes out.*)

UNION—

Freedom! Freedom! God bless thee, Freedom!

FREEDOM—

Union, I little reck'd that you were near,
Else that last thought had still been buried here.

(*Places his hand on his heart.*)

UNION—

Care not for that, I joy to hear your mind,
A kindred thought around this heart doth twine.

FREEDOM—

If that be so, ere night shall hide the sun,
Union and Freedom, united, shall be one.

Scene 2nd. A place in Uncle Sam's castle.

(*Enter* CONSTITUTION.)

CONSTITUTION—

Good evening, Uncle Sam.

UNCLE SAM—

Be seated, Father Constitution.

CONSTITUTION—

That I will. I made haste the bridal throng
To beat; so that, ere they come, I with thee
Might have a social chat. Events do work
Strange things. Slavery is dead; brought to his
Grave, because of his rebellious nature,
And Union, thy daughter, from his power is
Rescued. Great deeds of valor have been wro't,
This bridal eve by blood and treasure bought.

UNCLE SAM—

True, it has cost much, but better that than
Dishonor. But will not this eve more than
Repay all we have spent? Besides, I am
Richer now than when the quarrel began.
The army and navy can now withstand
The world. Upon one thing I am firmly bent,
That England and France their acts shall repent.

(*Enter bridal party, introduced by a* gentleman.)

GENTLEMAN—

Hail, noble Sires! Be thine a happy lot,
While Honest Abe doth tie the wedding knot.

ABE LINCOLN—

Sires, at thy request do I this holy
Rite perform. But coupled with your own, these
Two desired that I officiate; the
Which I gladly do, because of Freedom's
Valor and Union's rescue. Undying
Love, already, each hath vowed, and may that
Love ne'er cease to burn, and cherish thy great
Household. May this flag which by Freedom hath
Been borne in battle to victory, in
Peace to greatness, prove the tie which shall bind
"UNION AND FREEDOM, NOW AND FOREVER,
ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

(*Places the flag around them.*)

EPILOGUE.

Awhile we've detained you
  With this story of blood,
I know of no story
  Since the day of the flood,
Which began with a gloom,
  Which to midnight is rare,
And ended in a day
  So beautiful and fair.
May this flag remind you
  Of the story we've told;
O'er the North and the South,
  May it ever unfold
Its broad stripes and bright stars,
  Proclaiming as they wave,
That Union, fair Union,
  From Slavery is saved;
That the conflict has ceased,
  And war's ravage is done,
That Union and Freedom
  Are now "many in one."

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